

^pK] [THE SOUL OF MAN.] NOSCE
TEIPSUM! igi

" Perhaps, for want of food, the Soul may pine !

she cannot But that were strange 1 since all
things bad and good,
wai^of Since all GOD's creatures, mortal
and divine;
food Since GOD Himself is her eternal food !

Bodies are fed with things of
mortal kind ! And so are
subject to mortality ;
But Truth, which is eternal, feeds the
Mind ! The Tree of Life, which will
not let her die !

" Yet violence perhaps the Soul destroys !
Violence As lightning or the sunbeams dim
the sight ;
st^roy^he^dr?" Or as a thunder-clap or cannon's
noise,
The power of hearing doth astonish quite
? '*

But high perfection to the Soul it brings,
T'encounter things most excellent and
high ! For when She views the best and
greatest things^ They do not hurt, but
rather clear the eye.

Besides as HOMER'S gods 'gainst armies
stand ; Her subtle form can through
all dangers slide ! Bodies are captive,
Minds endure no band ! " And Will is
free, and can no force abide ! s?

" But lastly, Time perhaps, at last, hath power,
Time can- To spend her lively powers, and
quench her light ? "

notdestroy g^ ^ gQ£ SATURN5 whJch ^th all
deVOUr,

Doth cherish her, and still augment her
might !

Heaven waxeth old ; and all the spheres above
Shall, one day, faint, and their swift
motion stay; And Time itself, in time,
shall cease to move, Only the Soul
survives, and lives for aye !

Our bodies, every footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they
die !
Whether we work, or play, or sleep, or
wake,
Our life doth pass, and with Time's wings
doth fly !